

WARNING

This book contains explicit content and graphic situations.
It may not be suitable for all audiences.
Reader discretion is advised.

facing the beast

jackie bluu

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This book is dedicated to:

*all the women and men who have been scarred by personal
trauma and are still struggling to be “normal” —*

*all the women and men who are constantly searching for
exhilaration —*

*This book is to let you know:
you are not alone*

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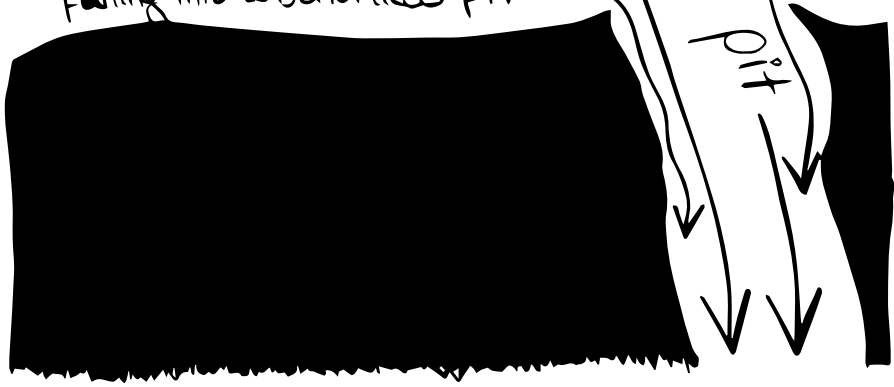
Control 39

MELANCHOLIA

I don't laugh very often.
As a matter of fact, it's pretty rare.
So when it does pop up uninvited,
I lose control—
all the screws shake loose,
and I laugh and I laugh,
until my belly aches,
and my eyes water,
and my breathing cuts short,
and my eyelids close...
savoring that special moment,
because I know I won't laugh again
until the next blue moon.

My Mother
 She is blind to happiness
 Forever a slave to her sickly imagination
 She feeds off of the melancholia
 Makes herself sicker
 Immune to normalcy
 Oblivious to freedom
 Shackled by imprisonment
 Victimized by verbal abuse
 Damned by mind control
 Held captive by a tyrant
 Tied up by depression
 Constant thoughts
 Dormant anger
 Silent rage
 Endless sorrow
 Mind-numbing
 Exhaustion
 Unaware that
 She is falling
 into a bottomless pit

But And our relationship has fallen apart
 what can I do really?
 I've become...
 Immobile to mother-daughter emotions; stagnant
 Incapable of bonding
 Limited conversations
 Days of silence
 Months of physical absence
 Years of yearning
 Unable to say 'I love you'
 Word vomit
 Too many unshared secrets
 Too much bottled-up emotions
 Too many unfortunate events
 Too much shared pain and sadness
 So I'm unable to keep her from falling into a bottomless pit



Constantly searching for my purpose in life...

Ever been so sad that your heart ached?
But not a medical ache—
An emotional ache—

You feel the sharp pain in your chest
and so you know that all of these things in your body
are indeed intertwined.

Today I don't feel any pain.

Today I sit on a different bench at a familiar park
writing this poem;
watching the pigeons;
hearing a sprinkler;
waiting until it's time to head back to work.

Today I feel nothing.

RAGE

A familiar car pulls up in the driveway, booming kompa¹ - the baseline reverberating in your chest.

Man the lifeboats!

Assemble the life jackets!

Kill the switch!

Access DANGER mode!

Press the panic button!

Assemble all signs of joy and stuff 'em in a bag!

Stop, drop, and roll into a hiding place!

Beastman's home.

1 Compas, or kompa is a dance music and modern meringue in Haiti with African roots.

BEHOLD!

THE
BEASTMAN

He who enters your room at opportune moments and has
himself a private party.

He who roars at your mother until her eyes water.

Fucking Beast!

Bring out the pitchforks.

My stepfather did not rape me,
because rape involves penetration, right?

My stepfather did not rape me.

Instead he thrust his tongue into my ears,
and whispered discomfort in my eardrums.
He snuck into my room when no one was around,
and used my belly as his personal canvas.
One time his hand wandered further down,
and left an ugly mark for months. Filthy fingers.

My stepfather did not rape me.

Instead he held me from behind,
and had me frozen from the stiffness in his pants.
He exposed himself to me while buttoning his trousers,
and said I enjoyed it.

He smirked through it all, and denied it all...
Through his thirty-two coffee-stained teeth,
and his putrid cigarette-rotted breath.

My stepfather did not rape me.

Too much foreplay—
Bastard ran out of time.

Funerals are useless gatherings for perfect strangers to crash your home and eat all your food, all the while boasting about the wonderful person they hardly knew and blah blah blah.

Did you even know his favorite color?

And here comes the all too familiar

BULLSHIT SERENADE:

Of how he's in a better place and that it was God's will.

According to the ancient anthology written by a bunch of chauvinistic, old horny men over the course of many centuries, better known as 'the Bible,' "*God is a jealous God.*"

But how can God be the very thing that is considered a sin in the very same book written to spread the word... of God???

I think God is a hypocrite if you ask me.

And it is God's will to take people's lives at any point in time, in any given manner, for no particular reason other than... his own jealously selfish satisfaction???

I think God is a murderer if you ask me.

PEDOPHILE'S GUIDE TO PEDOPHILING SUCCESSFULLY

THE YOUNG GIRL GUIDE

1 - Wait patiently for her to bleed like a woman: That way, it doesn't seem so wrong.

2 - Wean yourself in slowly: Start by touching her belly. That seems innocent enough and gives you an excuse to go further next time.

3 - Gain her trust: If you're a parent, pretend that you are the more lenient one by allowing her to get away with some things.

4 - Maintain control: If you're married, make sure that you are the breadwinner in the household so that she depends on you always.

5 - Take advantage when no one is looking: If you are caught, it will be easier to deny because there is no proof.

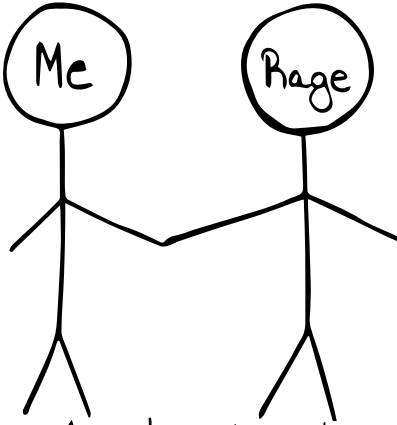
6 - Make her shop in the 'Petite Women' clothes section so that you can envision her even more as a matured young woman.

7 - Have her sit on your lap every chance you get: You get a nice arousal and no one will ever suspect a thing.

8 - Flash yourself as often as you can and grab her from behind when she least expects it: Little girls love surprises.

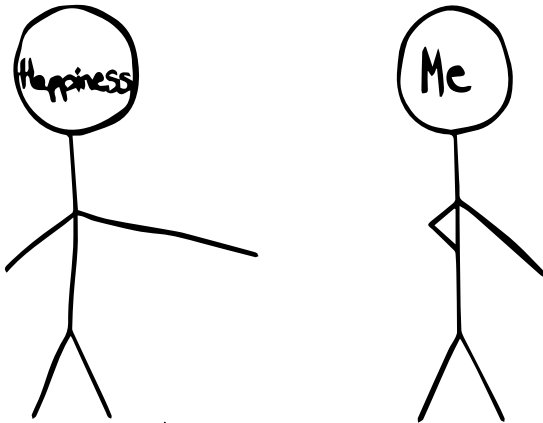
9 - Keep her away and unavailable to any other prospects: Make her undesirable to all boys and men.

10 - If all goes to shit and she defies you, admit nothing. Deny, deny, deny.



Rage and I have been best friends for as long as I can remember.

You know, one of those toxic friends you just can't seem to break away from. Gotta love her and her insanity, haha.



Meanwhile Happiness sits and plays in the sandbox all by herself, eagerly awaiting my acknowledgement.

Controlling men on television boil my blood.
Controlling men in real life tighten my fists.

SO YES.

I hate all male bosses,
and all male cops.
I hate all male teachers,
and all male security guards.

YES.

I hate all controlling men
who are bosses and cops,
and teachers and security guards.

BUT.

I especially hate controlling men
whose names are Josh,
who fondle with children
who also call them stepdad.

Time is a cunt born to terrorize heterosexuals,
homosexuals,
bisexuals,
pansexuals,
asexuals,

and everyone else
in between.

It comes in and sucks the joy out of our fun—
sucks the beauty off our youth—
drains our blood from our veins—
transforms us into something else.

Time is a nostalgic whore that brings back painful
memories; haunts our dreams; waxes our minds; air-dries
our tears; weakens our bones.

We never stay in one place for long because as time
passes, we grow tiresome — tired of our old selves.
Restless...

Enough so that the next time nostalgia comes knocking at
your door with eager anticipation, you respond:

*"Hey, hey you! Quit your obnoxious knocking!
I don't live here anymore."*

DESTRUCTION

IF

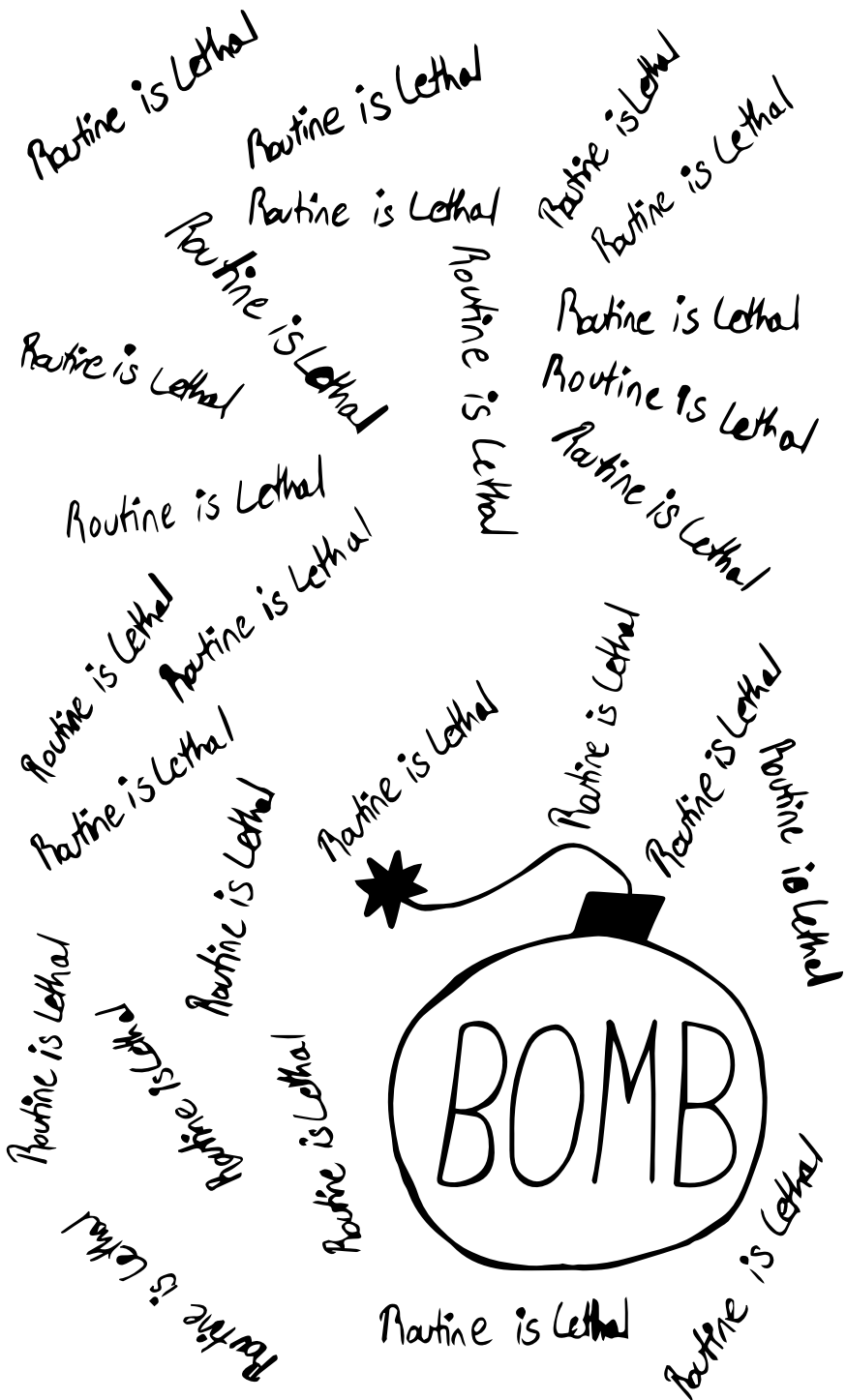
Then tell me why I rise to crickets
Instead of the typical cockadoodle of a jolly olly rooster on
a sunny countryside morning.

AM

Explain why I only hear my thoughts and
NOT the ricocheting laughter of pesky relatives or the loud
babbling of dear old friends.

ALONE

White noise from the small TV playing in the
background — while I stare blankly at the
walls — so that I can remember the sound
of human voices once I finally escape this
white room in this demented asylum.

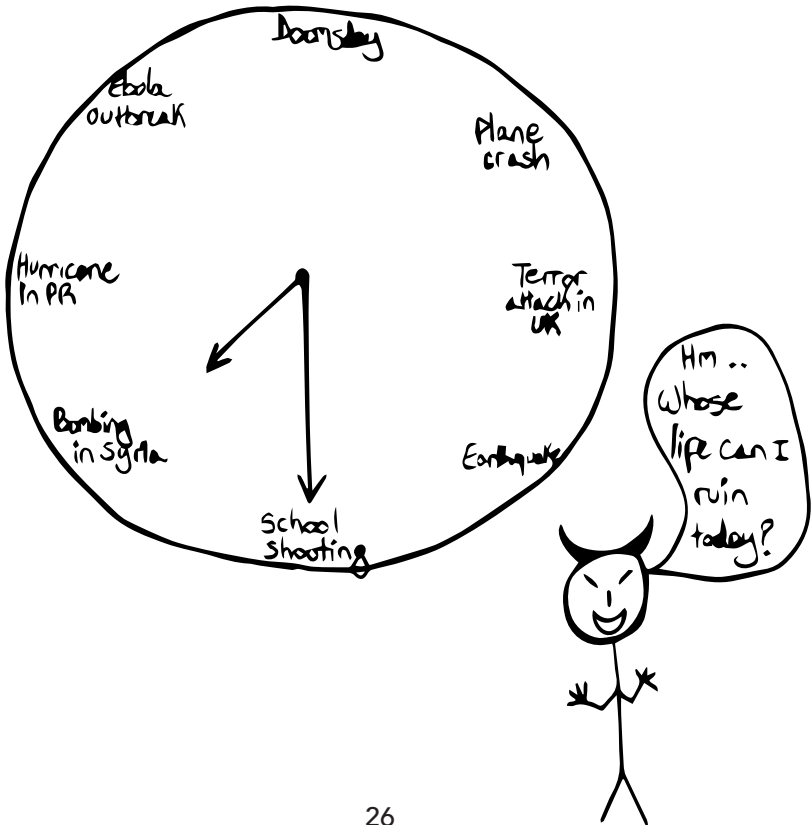


We're all sitting ducks in Satan's playpen.

We're all naked mole rats in Satan's laboratory.

Staring at the clock —

Awaiting the next gruesome experiment.



As
I
walk
through
the valley
of the
shadow of
death

ALL

I

Fear
are
PEOPLE

My stepfather once had a quadruple bypass heart surgery.

My mother cried.

Classic case of:

Battered woman syndrome

Nurse's prognosis:

Battered woman syndrome

Doctor's diagnosis:

Battered woman syndrome (BWS)

~~Fuck!~~

Is life something made up so we
can all just suffer?

Why?

who's enjoying this?

what's this constant disappointment?

Who's in my head? Am I selfish?

What the fuck is anything?

I'm not a
good person.

Am I even real?

Fuck the world!

Why am I so angry?

So if Satan's real then
God should be too right?

I'm annoyed.

Hate this fuckin'
place.

Get me the fuck
out of here!!!

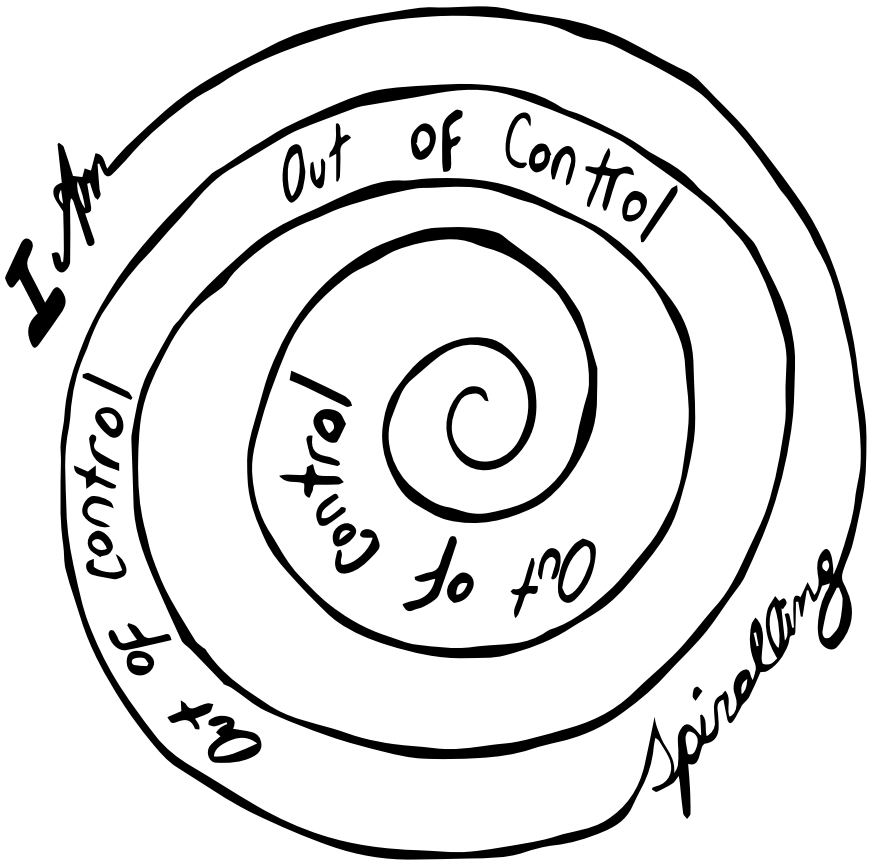
I'm over
it all.

Enough
Already!!!

I'm not suicidal
anymore.

I hate
my life

Stream of consciousness....



Note to self:

Before you commit the big deed on the 7th,
don't forget to run to the nearest tattoo shop
to get this quote stamped on both wrists —

DO NOT REVIVE.

DO NOT REVIVE.

Please do not engage in conflicts with me.
Or I'll :

- have a psychotic episode
- start hyperventilating
- Recline into fetal position
- Cry until my heart hurts
- Stand in front of the Kitchen drawer
- Say you drove me to this
- Contemplate my entire existence

Entire
existence

Entire
existence

Entire existence

Entire
existence

Entire
existence

Entire
existence

Entire
existence

Entire existence

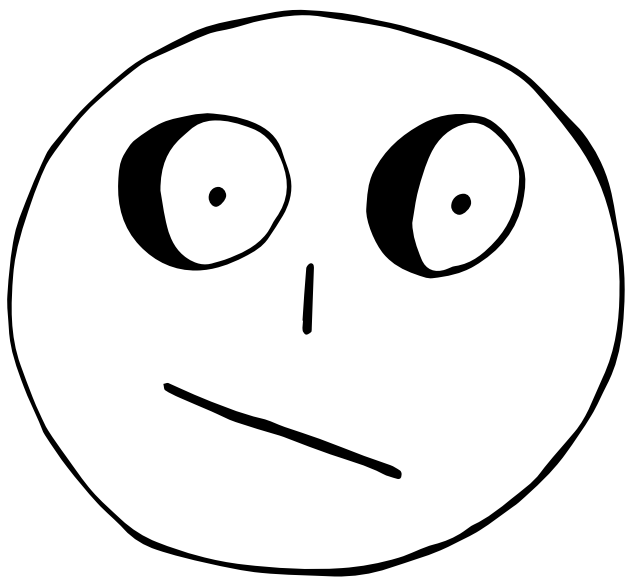
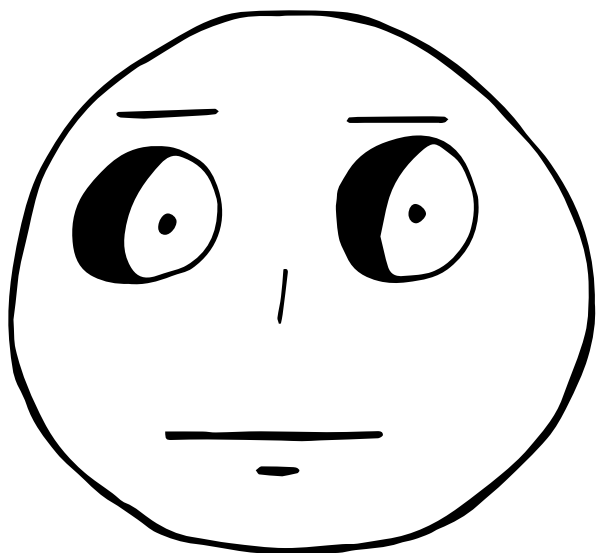
Entire
existence

Entire
existence

Entire
existence

APATHY

Kodak moment!



At 17 I was diagnosed with a severe case of misanthropy.

My doctor prescribed:

- Extensive group therapy
- Happy pills
- Stay away from humans until no longer symptomatic

I decided that group therapy was way too crowded and stopped attending after one-third of a session.

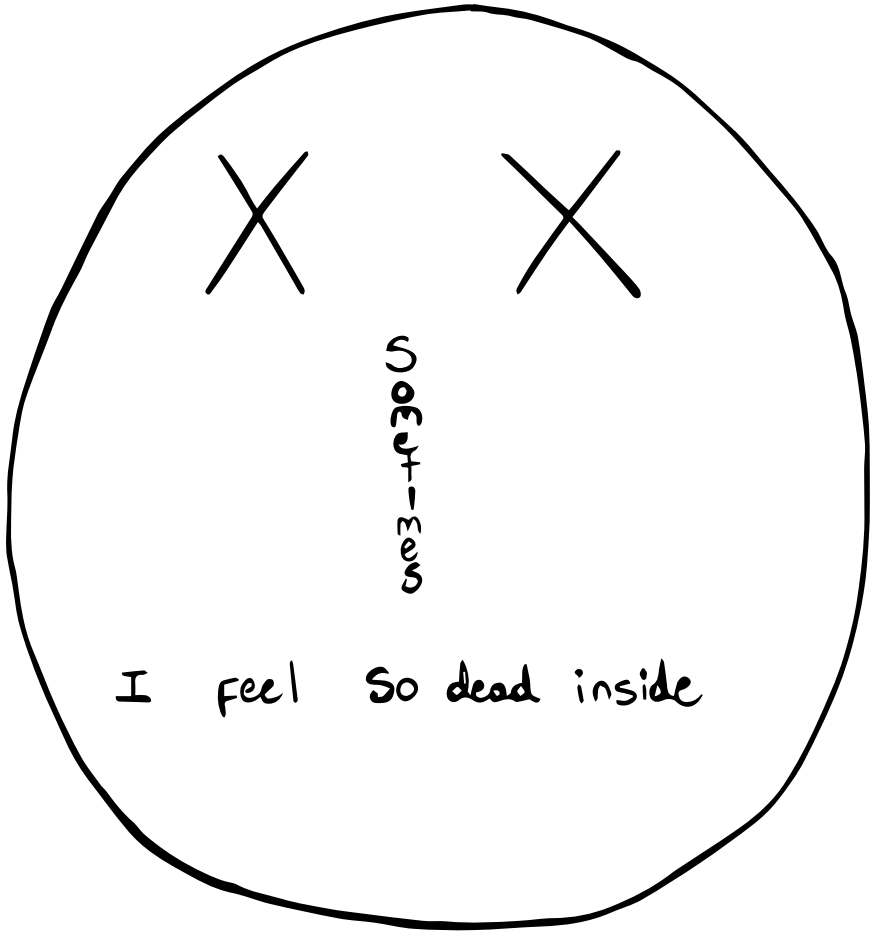
I sold my happy pills to the homeless guy down the block from my apartment.

I used that money to buy an electric fence to keep as many humans out as possible.

The other day my curious neighbor decided to ask me why I've barricaded myself from the outside world.

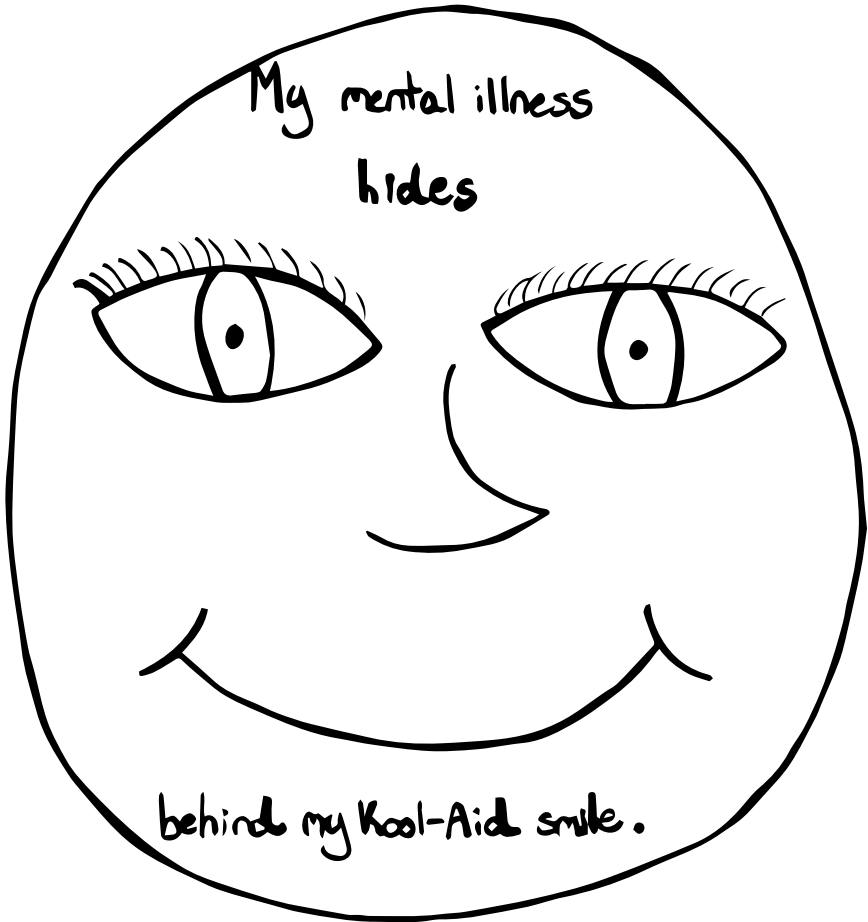
I replied, deadpan: "*Doctor's orders.*"

Stuck_____



I think my dreams are my life in subconscious form.
And perhaps I have some serious weeping to do.
I think I'm getting sick of these dreams.
And with every dream,
my mental state gets thrown ten steps
backward.

CONTROL



As far as I'm concerned, I was born alone.
So being a loner makes perfect sense.

See, loneliness is all I know—
loneliness is my familiar friend—
and loneliness is my comfort zone.

So when a stranger comes knocking,
threatening my best friend,
I'll retreat, dig a deep, deep hole
and protect us both.

Because I've heard things about those horrible 'others':
the one named *Love* and the other, *Vulnerability*,
among others...

And let me just say, I want nothing to do with them.

At this moment, as I am laying on the warm grass in this peaceful backyard,

feeling this sunlight pleasantly burning my closed eyelids and smiling lips,

I cannot help but swiftly wonder:
if this sunlight brings so much light into my soul,
what will the moonlight bring once darkness falls?

Last Sunday I dreamt of my brother
and he was breathing...
throughout the entire dream...

I think I'm making progress.

I think...

~fin~

Acknowledgements

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glued to my laptop.*

